THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS

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DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

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Original Poetry.

NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS
OF
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
January 1, 1853.

With rushing might and glad triumphal din,
The New Year's joyful tide comes rolling in—
The Season's compliments, this morning due,
Most gracious Patrons we would proffer you.
And, sure of favor when the Post we name,
With modest confidence present our claim.
Full well we know that many a weary hour
Of pain or grief has lost its torturing power,
And many a happy day still brighter grown,
As the Post's welcome face has met your own,
For there, revealed before your eager eyes,
The wide world's weekly picture outspread lies,
A rich and varied feast for young and old,
For grave and gay, for gentle and for bold.

The father glances keenly o'er the news,
The great affairs of every land reviews—
How Pierce secures the prize, and Scott must yield,
Despite the fame of many a well-fought field;
How Webster's mighty heart and frame give way,
And pass forever from our mortal day;
How Europe, tired with fruitless strife, at length
Craves but repose to win back wasted strength;
And France, bewildered by the mighty name
She glories in, becomes a word of shame,
Yields her fair Freedom at a traitor's word,
And hails a bold bad man Imperial lord!

The matron's eye with quick discernment sees
Those sweet home-themes that wife and mother please.
The words of counsel, of rebuke, of cheer,
In Christ's dear name poured in the Christian's ear,
She reads of marriage, and its holy cares,
The blighted blossoms or rich fruit it bears
And toward the partner of her joys and woes
With warmer love her faithful bosom glows;
Stories of blessed childhood fill her heart
With tender thoughts and grateful prayers that start
From deepest feeling, and her mild soft eye,
Glowing with strengthened faith and purity,
Turns on the little ones whom God has given
Such beaming looks as we shall meet in Heaven.

The bold bright boy, whose dreams of coming life
Are all of action, enterprise and strife,
Seeks out the tales of human power and pride,
How men have toiled and suffered, dared and died;
The warrior's prowess, and the huntsman's skill,
The statesman's strength of soul and strength of will;
The sailor boy, 'mid mountain billows whirled,
The venturous traveller girdling the round world—
O'er themes like these his kindling eyes dilate,
And swells his heart with visions high and great.
From each new sheet he grasps with eager scan
What feeds his soul and moulds the future man.

The blushing maiden, full of life and hope
For whom the Future's wide kaleidoscope
Glitters with all imaginable hues
From Eden caught, and star-bright forms profuse,
Turns to the fair ideal pictures wrought
By woman's hand from woman's deepest thought—
Stories of love in its first passionate bloom,
Colored from Heaven, shadowed by earthly gloom,
Love, the sublimest, sweetest mystery known,
Light of all life, and glory of God's throne,
"Old as the Universe, and yet unworn
With each new being, born or to be born,"
The blissful madness of youth's ardent blood,
The after years of sweet beatitude—
How strangely thrilling o'er her spirit steals
The new heart-knowledge that romance reveals,
And clouds and sunshine from the coming years
Illume her brow, or shade her eye with tears.

Thus maid and matron, youth and reverend sire,
Gathered around the sacred household fire,
Each finds among the treasures that we bring
Something to greet with warmest welcoming,
Something to please, instruct, and guide the mind
Life's truest beauty and delight to find,
Some earnest word to point the Heavenly road,
And lead the wavering spirit up to God. S. P.

Original Novelet.

CLARA MORELAND;
OR,
ADVENTURES IN THE FAR SOUTH-WEST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY EMERSON BENNETT,
AUTHOR OF "VIOLA," "PRAIRIE FLOWER," "FEMALE SPY," "ROSALIE DU PONT," ETC., ETC., ETC.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1853, by Emerson Bennett, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER IV.

A RIDE AND A QUARREL.

When I awoke on the following morning, the sun was pouring a golden flood of light into my chamber. I arose in some haste, for I had slept later than I intended; and at the same moment my faithful Tom made his appearance, and placed in my hand a slip of paper, on which was traced, with a pencil, as follows:

"Pardon my seeming uncourteousness of last night! I was agitated and troubled, but not without cause. After what has already passed between us, I think it no more than right that I should, to some extent, give you the explanation you desired. This cannot be done in the presence of a third party, and I must entreat you not mention aught of last night's interview to any one! Destroy this as soon as read!

"C. M."

I perused this note some two or three times, with emotions of delight beyond my power to describe. Clara wished to give me an explanation in private, and if I augured more from this than was actually set down in black and white, it is nothing I think to be wondered at, considering that I was in some sort a lover, and of a rather sanguine temperament. I hardly need say, that the injunction to destroy the note as soon as read, was not complied with. With the usual extravagance of one in my situation, I pressed it a dozen times to my lips, and then carefully hid it away as near my heart as was convenient. On turning to Tom, who had been eyeing me the while, I fancied I saw a merry twinkle in his eye, and a suppressed smile on his ebony countenance.

"What are you grinning at?" I demanded.

"I's not grinning, Massa Hal, dat I knows on," answered the black, looking very serious.

"Who gave you this note?"

"De young Missus Clara."

"Did she give you any message with it?"

"She say, 'Tom, you gib dat to your massa, and don't you let nobody else see it;' and den she slipped dis into my hand;" and Tom exhibited a silver coin.

I expected to meet Clara at the breakfast table—but I was disappointed. She did not make her appearance, and Mary informed me that she was slightly indisposed. After the meal was over, I went out with Walter, and took a stroll around the town, with which I was much pleased—though, being situated upon a low lying prairie, the climate is not very salubrious. Toward noon, as we were on our return, we met Warncliff. He bowed coldly to me, and I returned his salutation as coldly. He then drew Walter aside, and spoke hurriedly to him in a low tone.

"I cannot," I heard Walter say; "Mr. Walton is my guest, and it would be ungentlemanly to leave him."

"But perhaps he would accompany us?" suggested the other.

"No! no!" returned Walter quickly; and then lowering his voice, he added something I did not overhear.

Both now conversed in low tones for a few moments, and then I heard Warncliff say:

"Leave it to me."

He then turned to me, and with much formal politeness said:

"Not aware that Mr. Moreland was otherwise engaged, I this morning made an engagement for him, to meet a few choice friends, who will be much disappointed if he does not come. Would you be so good as to excuse him for a few hours?—or, if you prefer it, honor us with your company?"

"Oh, I will excuse him, most certainly," I answered, with a stiff bow.

"You will not be offended?" said Walter, coming forward and taking my hand. "You see how it is—the engagement has been made for me, unknown to myself."

"Give yourself no uneasiness on my account," I replied, with cordiality. "I will return and have a little chat with your sister."

I did not say which; but the look which Warncliff bestowed upon me, seemed to imply that he at least thought of only one. His eyes flashed, his lips compressed, and an angry flush passed over his features, leaving them very pale. I was satisfied I had roused his jealousy; and this being exactly the result intended, I bowed, with a meaning smile, and walked slowly away.

On arriving at the house, I met Colonel Moreland coming down the steps.

"Ha! in good time—where is Walter?" he said.

"We were met by Mr. Warncliff, who said he had made an engagement for him, and the two went away together."

"This is unlucky," he returned, musingly. And then, after a pause, he added: "By-the-by, perhaps I could count on you to do me a favor?"

"Certainly, Colonel—any thing in my power."

"Thank you! The fact is, you see, my brother's widow—the mother of Tom, whom you chanced to see die—has been taken suddenly ill, and has sent word that she must see Clara immediately. Now that neither Walter nor Warncliff are here, there is no one to escort her but myself; and I have some important business to attend to, and cannot well spare the time. Now if you would be so kind——Are you fond of riding horseback?"

"It is one of my favorite pastimes, Colonel."

"Well, then, if you will be so kind as to accompany her on horseback, you will lay me under an obligation."

"It will afford me great pleasure, I answered, scarcely able, for very joy, to keep myself calm.

"Clara might venture alone," pursued the Colonel; "but as the nearest way to the widow's residence lies across a prairie, I should feel better satisfied to have some one with her."

"Nothing will afford me more delight than such a ride," I rejoined. "What is the distance?"

"About ten miles across the prairie—but nearly twice as far round by the road. Clara knows the way—so you have nothing to do but keep her company. Come! come in and take a lunch—for I shall not let you stay to dinner. Cato, (to a house servant) go and tell Mingo to saddle the gray for Miss Clara, and the sorrel for Mr. Walton, and bring them round to the door here immediately. And hark you, boy! if Mingo is not at the stable, put the saddles on yourself. Away with ye! and don't let the grass grow under your feet."

Saying this, he led the way into the house, and ordered some refreshments to be served without delay. Just as he had done giving these directions, Clara entered the room, looking very pale, but more lovely I thought than ever. A slight flush mantled her features as she saluted me—but ere she had time for further speech, her father exclaimed:

"Away, Clara, and don your riding dress! Mr. Walton has kindly consented to accompany you; Walter has not returned. Come! away with you! for your aunt may die ere you get there—something tells me she is not long for this world."

Clara blushed still deeper, as her father made this announcement; and turning quickly away, she left the room.

"So you are going to run away with Clara, eh!" cried Mary, bouncing into the room, with a roguish twinkle in her black eyes. "Take care you bring her back safe, Mr. Walton, or it will not be well for you to show me your face again!"

"I shall certainly endeavor to do so," I answered, with a laugh.

"I wish I were going. Papa—"

"You will stay," said her father, peremptorily.

"Always the way," muttered Mary, pouting her pretty lips, as the Colonel quitted the apartment. "If there is the least chance for a spice of romance, Clara goes, and I am carefully housed. Never mind!" she pursued, tossing her head and shaking her raven curls; "I shall not always be in leading strings, and then let them bridle me who can. Now mind!" she continued, with an arch look, holding up her finger; "don't you run away with Clara, nor steal her affections! do you hear?"

"Away with you, Miss Impertinence!" cried the Colonel, at this moment returning. "I trust Mr. Walton is a gentleman; and if so, it will be enough for him to know that the hand of Clara is already engaged. The lunch is ready, sir—this way."

I was glad to escape from what I was just beginning to feel a rather embarrassing situation. After a hasty meal, I made some change in my dress, secured my pistols about my person, and informed Tom whither I was going. By the time I had done this, the horses were at the door, and Clara, in a riding habit, stood ready to mount. I assisted her into the saddle, with emotions I shall not pretend to describe. I had never seen her look so charming as now, as she sat erect on her gallant gray—the plume of her riding-cap sweeping down so as to mingle with her sunny curls—her eyes sparkling, and her pale features growing animated with that sort of enthusiastic rapture which the true lover of the equestrian art ever feels when well mounted. I was soon by her side; and waving a cheerful adieu to the father, mother and sister of my companion, who were watching our departure, we rode slowly down the avenue to the gate opening upon the street. Suddenly, I knew not why, I felt a cold shudder pass through my frame; and, for a moment or two, a sense as of some heavy calamity oppressed me, and fairly made my heart sink. At the same moment Clara turned her head to look back; and as I thus caught a full view of her features, I was struck with their deathly pallor, and a certain expression of wildness and alarm which they displayed. Could it be that we both had a presentiment of coming evil? that a dark cloud of the future was lowering over our heads, invisible to all but our spiritual eyes?

"What is the matter?" I inquired of my fair companion.

"Nothing! nothing!" she said, hurriedly; and giving her horse a smart cut with her riding whip, she rode quickly forward to the street, and then moderated her pace.

This street led out of town in a northerly direction; and as this was our course, we did not turn out of it. We had advanced along it some two hundred yards perhaps, and I had my eye on a beautiful prospect away to the left, when I heard a voice, not unfamiliar to me, exclaim:

"Whither bound, my pretty runaway?"

I turned my head quickly, and beheld the object of my dislike, Willard Warncliff, in the act of putting his hand upon Clara's bridle-rein.

"Do not detain me!" she said, hurriedly, with considerable agitation, as he stopped her horse. "I am on my way to visit my aunt, who has suddenly been taken ill and sent for me."

"Methinks *I* am the proper person to escort you thither," he replied, with marked emphasis on the pronoun, glancing somewhat fiercely toward me.

Clara looked frightened, and I felt my blood boil—though, by a great effort, I controlled my temper, so as to rejoin, in a cold, quiet tone:

"As you and Walter had a pressing engagement on hand, and were not present, Colonel Moreland assigned the pleasure of escorting Miss Moreland to her destination, to your most humble servant."

"But I am present now, sir," he replied; "and, with your good leave, I will take the trouble off of your hands."

"Will you be so good, my dear sir, as to inform me to what trouble you allude?" I inquired, with mock politeness.

He colored to the temples, and his eyes flashed fire.

"In short," he rejoined, "I will take your place by my affianced bride."

"In short, you will do no such thing," said I, "unless Miss Moreland particularly desires it."

"Which she does, of course," he said, appealing to Clara.

"Where is Walter?" she inquired, a good deal agitated, and apparently somewhat alarmed.

"He is with some friends, not far off," replied Warncliff. "I chanced to espy you coming up the street, and left him to speak to you. I can call him if you wish."

"It were a pity to withdraw you both from your friends at the same time," I interposed; "and therefore, in case you do call Walter, perhaps you had better take his place."

"I was not addressing my conversation to you, Sir Insolence!" cried Warncliff, almost beside himself with rage—at the same time giving me a look, which, had looks the power to destroy, this narrative had never been penned.

"It is a matter of indifference to me to whom you were speaking," I rejoined, carelessly.

"Say you so, sir!" began Warncliff; but was interrupted by Clara, with:

"Come, come, gentlemen—no quarrelling!"

"Your presence, Miss Clara, will protect him now," he replied; "but," and he looked fiercely at me, "we shall meet again."

"I hope not," I returned, "for I dislike to meet any but gentlemen."

"How, sir! do you—"

"Come, come, Willard," cried Clara, now really alarmed—"for my sake retire, and let there be no more words between you! Go, Willard—you are detaining me; and my aunt, for what I know, may be dying."

"Shall I take his place?" inquired Warncliff, sullenly.

"No! no! I would not so insult him."

"Indeed!" sneered the other: "umph!"

"Come, Willard, let go my bridle-rein!" said Clara, coaxingly, in a tremulous tone.

To this request Warncliff gave no heed; but first looked fixedly at her, and then fastened his eyes on me, with an insolent and most wicked expression. I felt that I had borne about as much as my nature could stand; and quietly taking Clara's riding-whip from her hand, I bade him let go his hold or take the consequences. As he did not seem inclined to move, I raised the whip, with the rapidity of lightning, and struck him a blow across the hand that brought the blood.

With a yell of demoniac rage and pain, he sprang back; and at the same moment I started both horses forward, upon a quick gallop. After riding a short distance, I turned my head and saw Warncliff still standing where we left him, looking after us with one of the most fiendish expressions of countenance I have ever seen. In his hand he held something which I took to be a pistol. This he raised and pointed toward me; and while I kept my eye on him, expecting every moment he would fire, he suddenly wheeled on his heel and disappeared.

"Oh! Mr. Walton, what have you done?" said Clara to me, in a tone of alarm, as we slackened the speed of our horses about half a mile beyond the town.

"Nothing, I trust, offensive to you," I replied; "or if so, I shall deeply regret it."

"You have made Warncliff your mortal enemy, and I fear he will avenge himself upon you in some terrible manner."

"Were I certain Miss Moreland only regretted this on my account, I should rejoice at the danger which could give me so much interest in her eyes," I replied.

"Nay, this is folly," she said, hurriedly. "My taking an interest in your welfare would not advantage you in the least; but, on the contrary, might raise you up enemies where you least expect them."

"I know not how that may be; but only tell me your heart is mine, and I will unflinchingly brave all consequences, even though the displeasure of your father be one of them."

"Ha! why do you mention the displeasure of my father?" she returned, quickly; "have you and he spoken together on this subject?"

I repeated what he had said concerning her hand being engaged.

"Ah! yes," she sighed—"on this point he is inexorable, and will hold any one an enemy who seeks to counteract his wishes."

"It is then by his express command that you tolerate the visits, or more especially the suit, of Warncliff?"

"I cannot deny it," returned Clara, in a low tone.

"I fancied as much," I rejoined; "for it is easily seen you rather fear than love him."

"But it was not always so," she resumed. "Nay, there was a time when he stood high in my esteem; but of late, from some cause—" she paused, and hung her head, and the color deepened on her lovely features—"In short, I think I have seen that in his character which no true woman would tolerate, and which no one would like to perceive in him who is to be her partner for life."

"Then, even at the risk of offending you again, I must repeat my warning—beware how you perjure yourself before God's holy altar! for when you there take upon you the sacred vow—to love, honor and obey—will it not be perjury?"

"But what am I to do?" she said, earnestly. "My father's commands must be obeyed."

"No parent's commands should be obeyed, when those commands lead to dishonor," I replied; "nor has any parent a right to impose such commands upon a child. I know that you love and respect your worthy father, and my counsel to you in this matter may seem harsh; but believe me, I speak for your own good, and with no selfish motive—though you appeared to think otherwise last night."

"I was offended last night, I do not deny; for I then felt that, for a stranger, you were taking unwarrantable liberties; but after due reflection, I was forced to acknowledge to myself that, if a little severe, you were just; and thinking perhaps that I had wounded your feelings, and that there could be no harm in giving you a fair statement of how matters stand between Warncliff and myself, I this morning sent you a note to this effect."

"Which I received, Clara, with grateful emotions," I rejoined; "and without which, I should never have presumed to address you on this important subject again. No, believing myself out of place at your father's house—that my presence would prove rather an embarrassment and annoyance to you than a pleasure—I had resolved to take the first favorable opportunity of bidding you a final farewell."

"Oh! that we had never met!" murmured Clara, drooping her head.

"As matters stand, it had doubtless been better for both of us," I rejoined. "Still, Clara,

Our Picture Gallery.

THE SAND STORM OF THE DESERT.

Could we have passed over this portion of country under pleasant circumstances, I should have been enraptured with the scene. Although it a season of the year when our northern forests put on the variegated hues of autumn—and the flowers, that have charmed us through the hotter months, begin to fade and disappear—it seemed as if Nature had just received the responsible powers of gentle Spring, and was charging every thing with a fresh new life.

Never before had I seen so broad a field, so filled with beautiful flowers. Millions on millions of every kind, of every hue, spread over the burning earth. There were displays of every color, from many white to dark crimson; from rust flowers of the three genera: geranium, heart-eases, pinks, lilies, honey-suckles, moonwoes, jessamines, golden rods, sun flowers, primroses, violets, ladies slippers, and many others of whose names I am ignorant.

The sun had now fairly set, and the shades of advancing night were gradually stealing over the north. Insects began their evening songs, night hawks rose and swooped in the upper air, and bats flapped their wings around us in search of prey. The stopping-place of a sort in Russia is accounted free dollars.

The setting of the sun is the signal for Russian peasant to put an unlucky glass of tobacco on her head, and then proceed to make every effort to get rid of the unfortunate portion of Holy.

Of course, the usual Monolithic of the paper, in the shape of selected stories, sketches and essays, from the English magazines, general and political news, &c. shall not be forgotten.

Lord Frankford, recently executed in England of a blind son a brother lord, has been sent to the House of Correction. He would be confined in the House of Correction for two months, in the ordinary course of justice.

An Irishman on board the Liverpool packet, when she was on the point of leaving, being desirous to return on deck, after he had gone down, replied that he had no wish to go on deck to see himself drowned.

Socrates.—Those can most easily deceive with society who are the most calculated to adorn it. They only are dependent on it who possess no mental resources; for though they bring nothing to the general mart, lost forgotten they are not poor to any at home.

A petition is about to be presented to Congress by a number of republicans, asking for assistance, to build a railroad to the Pacific, and agreeing to complete it in five years.

Lines left by a traveller upon the bed where he attempted to sleep at a hotel not far from city of Boston:

A hungry chance on a lousy stage,
In foul weather the road is long on,
But a hotter hell than a hungry night
Who is forced to sleep on a dirty bed.

If you wish to entice laughter at the penny gaia in town, advertise a "Lecture to Young Men."

The locomotive of the largest size requires a hundred gallons of oil, a year, to keep it well oiled.

He who has most of heart knows most of sorrow.

Remark of the recoil of sinful indulgences; we may break our necks over the orange peel of our own tempting desire.

A Tactic.—She who can tell a frightful story to her child, or else one to be told, might as have a guardian appointed over herself.

and one of the greatest crimes. He said—"Let him that is without sin among you, cast the first stone," and to the woman herself, "Has no man condemned thee? neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more." Probably basing his judgment upon the ground that where there was no such secret and undiscovered sin, it was not just to be setup upon those whose crimes happened to be brought to light; and, further, that the shame which the woman had suffered was, under the circumstances, sufficient punishment.

We do not pretend to justify, however, the conduct of the woman upon the score of her chastity. Such chance should be equal in the eyes of the law and its administrators. But respectability—meaning by it, the mere show of behavior, either in poor or rich—is a good thing in itself. All can, even the poorest, be honest, are liable to temptation, and may fall—but a first fall especially should be kindly and leniently dealt with. The man should be made to feel that repentance, and a return to the paths of virtue and respectability, are the only means to him—that the gates of mercy are not closed against him by the stern hands of justice. The woman, in such a case, is a lonely, friendless outcast, which judges are right in extending, when they pronounce the penalties of the law. The great end is punishment is not to greatly say vindictive feeling on the part of the injured party, but to deter, reform, and save others. And the ministers of justice, as well as the ministers of religion, should ever bear in mind that he who turns the sinner from the error of his ways, not only carries out the noblest aim of human existence, but possesses the highest service required of man by heaven.

THE TUSCAN PERSECUTION.

Our readers will remember the case of the Madiai, who, for reading Testaments, not allowed by the Romish Church, were arrested, imprisoned, and condemned to the galleys. Their case excited much attention in this country, and a subscription was opened for their relief. The Madiai, however, were not released over the copy to Leghorn, but were sentenced to imprisonment in the galleys. Their case is now before the public, and we have thought it intended to impose it upon its recognizance.

NOTICE—IMPORTANT.

Our subscribers will please take notice that with the beginning of this year, we have abandoned the system of collecting our subscription accounts by travelling agents, in all the States, with the single exception of Pennsylvania.

We wish, therefore, all our subscribers, in all the various States and Territories, to remit to us, without further notice, the amount due on a cod retire for their dues. By this plan we hope to avoid the expense of making collections through travelling agents—a very costly expense, we are inclined to think, and not to be pleasant either to subscriber or publisher, on the plan of direct remittance.

We trust our old friends the Post Masters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs for the Mammoth Post, or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers both to a club and to them, we feel sure they will encourage us by sending us a few names. We have that the offence charged against them was that of "proselytism." Indeed, the Tuscan Government, He says, the italics being his own:

As I understand from a letter published in the *Standard*, Madiai was courier, and Rosa his wife kept a shop in the centre of one of the poorer English localities, where they acquired regular, if considerable, custom. A citizen of Italy, about among the Catholic populations of Italy as regards gold. Swiss and particularly English principles practically are I am sure I need not tell any one who has followed me through the for the sake of others who are not so well informed I will quote from the last article in the *Morning Chronicle* which published my correspondence with Mr. Earlham, and my subsequent sentences from the Florentine correspondence of the *Times*:

"Some misconceptions seem to exist in general, as to the nature of the offence for which Madiai has been condemned. The Tuscan Government is not a government which can be called to account for its conduct for their dues. By this plan we hope to avoid the expense of making collections through travelling agents—a very costly expense, we are inclined to think, and not to be pleasant either to subscriber or publisher, on the plan of direct remittance.

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SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1852.

SATURDAY EVENING POST

STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE,
No. 66 South Third Street, Phila.,

Where Books, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Way Bills, Circulars, Bill Heads, Cards, Labels, &c., &c., are printed with despatch, in the neatest manner, and on the most reasonable terms.

DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

ALMANAC FOR 1853,

FOR THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

MONTHS.	Monday, 1st	2d	Tuesday, 3d	4th	Wednesday, 5th	Thursday, 6th
January, 1st Month	3	4	5	6	7	8
	10	11	12	13	14	15
	17	18	19	20	21	22
	24	25	26	27	28	29
February, 2d Month	31	1	2	3	4	5
	7	8	9	10	11	12
	14	15	16	17	18	19
	21	22	23	24	25	26
March, 3d Month	28	29	1	2	3	4
	6	7	8	9	10	11
	13	14	15	16	17	18
	20	21	22	23	24	25
April, 4th Month	27	28	29	30	31	1
	3	4	5	6	7	8
	10	11	12	13	14	15
	17	18	19	20	21	22
	24	25	26	27	28	29
May, 5th Month	1	2	3	4	5	6
	8	9	10	11	12	13
	15	16	17	18	19	20
	22	23	24	25	26	27
	29	30	31	1	2	3
June, 6th Month	5	6	7	8	9	10
	12	13	14	15	16	17
	19	20	21	22	23	24
	26	27	28	29	30	1
July, 7th Month	3	4	5	6	7	8
	10	11	12	13	14	15
	17	18	19	20	21	22
	24	25	26	27	28	29
August, 8th Month	31	1	2	3	4	5
	7	8	9	10	11	12
	14	15	16	17	18	19
	21	22	23	24	25	26
	28	29	30	31	1	2
September, 9th Month	4	5	6	7	8	9
	11	12	13	14	15	16
	18	19	20	21	22	23
	25	26	27	28	29	30
October, 10th Month	2	3	4	5	6	7
	9	10	11	12	13	14
	16	17	18	19	20	21
	23	24	25	26	27	28
	30	31				
November, 11th Month			1	2	3	4
	6	7	8	9	10	11
	13	14	15	16	17	18
	20	21	22	23	24	25
	27	28	29	30		
December, 12th Month					1	2
	4	5	6	7	8	9
	11	12	13	14	15	16
	18	19	20	21	22	23
	25	26	27	28	29	30

Dominical Letter, B. Golden Number, 11. Epact 0.

In the State and Lower Keitpons this year, there will be Lunar Eclipse of the Moon, which will be seen in the Northern and Western States, but a small portion of it will be visible in the Middle and Eastern States. June 21st, a partial eclipse of the Moon; invisible here, and not seen in the United States. November 15th, a total eclipse of the Moon; invisible here, but will be seen in the United States. December 14th, a partial eclipse of the Sun; invisible here, but will be seen in the United States. November 29th, Saturn, in opposition to the Sun, rises at night, and he appears in the Lyra.

Congressional.

SENATE.

On the 27th, Mr. Cass submitted a resolution, instructing the Committee on Public Lands to report into the expediency of granting the right of way to Michigan and Wisconsin for the construction of railroads over the public lands.

Mr. Bradbury, of Maine, introduced a bill to alter the Bill for the Relief of Thomas B. Parsons, which was the year 1849, and for other purposes. The motion, which was to belong to the United States Navy, and to be attached to the Mediterranean Squadron, was agreed to. Mr. Bradbury's bill grants to Parsons the command of the Navy.

Several petitions were presented, but their contents was not known.

Mr. Hale introduced a bill, which was read twice, and referred to the Committee on Naval Affairs, which was laid over.

Resolutions from the President be requested to communicate to the Senate, so far as may be compatible with the public interest, the correspondence which has taken place between the Government of the United States and the British authorities in Central America, together with the correspondence between the United States Government and the Government of Nicaragua, and the French at the Danish West Indies, and the Governor of the Danish West Indies, which has taken place since the 4th of March last, and also the correspondence between the United States

Selected Poetry.

THE WARDEN OF THE CINQUE PORTS.

[We find the following in "Tuman's Magazine." It refers to the death of Wellington; and, though we cannot be answerable for it, probably was written by Mr. Longfellow:—]

A noble one dwelling down the British Channel,
The day-time just begun,
And through the window-panes, on floor and panel,
Streamed the red Autumn sun.

It glanced on flowing flag and rippling pennon,
And the white sails of ships;
And, from the fortress-walls, the seamen's voices
Heard it with answering lips.

Stands erect and listens, with stooping salutations,
Hesitating to enter unannounced.
Then all was still!

And down the street, and up the stairs, he bolden,
Reached the distant room,
As if to summon from his sleep the Warden
And Lord of the Cinque Ports.

Him shall no sunshine from the fields of azure,
No dream-land from the west,
No morning gun from the fleet's embracing
Awaken with their call!

No more, surveying with an eye imperious
The long line of the coast,
Shall the gaunt figure of the old Field-Marshal
Be seen upon his post!

For on the night, unheard, a single warrior
In number harness buckled,
Departed of men, and entered camera yellow-room
The rampart wall has sealed.

He passed into the chamber of the sleeper,
The dark and silent room,
And as he entered, darker grew and deeper
The crimson and the gloom.

He did not pause to parley or dissemble,
For entered by stratagem or force;
Ah! what a blow! the mail-clad Knight could trimble
And groan from above to stone

More white, more cold, than his own marble statue!
The sun rose bright o'erhead;
Nothing in Nature's aspect so stained
That a great man was dead.

For the Ladies.

A FEW WORDS ON THE HARMONY OF COLORS.

The fundamental principles of the harmony and contrast of colors having been explained in a recent Essay, we have next to consider their application in dress, and especially the effect of the different colors, when in contact with the skin, in order to afford certain general hints for judging what colors may or may not be advantageously opposed to it. Articles of dress are too frequently purchased without any reference to their appropriateness in point of color to the individual who is to wear them, and a momentary fancy, an old prediction, a party prejudice, will induce a lady to select a dress or bonnet of a color which not only does not increase the beauty of her complexion, but actually makes it appear more sallow.

What, for instance, can be more becoming to a lady with a countenance the color of parchment—we are putting this by way of example, not supposing there ever was or ever will be a lady of this appearance—than a light yellow dress or bonnet? If the color operates by its effect of contrast, her face will look blue, and how becoming sooner blue may be for ladies' stockings, it is far otherwise when their complexion is tinged with it: from one known blue it is no compliment to a lady to say that she looks blue. If reflection has any influence, and not contrast, then will the face seem to "fade into the rare and yellow leaf." Yellow is gay, and lively contrasters but in the complexion, and then it reminds one of

"Jaundery rollowed with jaundice in her eyes.
Incoloring all she viewed."

There are two types of female complexion, the fair and the dark. In point of color, light hair may be considered as modifications of yellow; dilled in hue according as the yellow, the red or the brown prevails upon it. When the first color predominates, the hair is said to be flaxen or golden; when the second predominates, it is called chestnut, auburn, or even red; and when the third prevails, the hair is simply said to be light, or light brown.

The color of the skin of fair persons may also, with the exception of the carnation tints, be considered as subdued orange. Although of a lower tone than the hair; the only contrast then to the orange hue, arises from the blue or gray color, which frequently characterizes the eyes in very fair complexions.

"Those eyes' hose tongue is and those golden hairs"

are frequently associated in the mind of the poet. Chestnut and auburn hair are often accompanied with hazel eyes, and in this case there is no contrast, but a sort of natural harmony amidst the skin, hair, eyebrows, and lashes into one harmonious whole.

In brunettes the hair and eyes contrast in tone and color with the complexion, which is generally redder than in blondes. Between these extremes there are an infinite number of gradations, and every variety of hue and tint, such as regards the hair and complexion. We shall allude to one of these variations only, namely, that in which the black hair, brows, and eyelashes of the dark type are united with the blue eyes and the complexion of the blonde. In this class the harmony of contrast, of course, prevails, although the general hue of the complexion is ruder, that is to say more inclining to pink than in the blonde in whom the orange tint generally prevails.

Skyblue is always considered as most becoming to fair persons, and it contrasts more agreeably than any other color with the complementary orange, which constitutes the hair, nose, as it were, of the general hue of the complexion and hair of this type. Yellow and red, inclining to orange, contrast best with dark hair; not only is color but in richness, and in the green also, by complementaries of these two colors, so that produce a red effect when mingled with dark hair.

We proceed now to point out in what manner the complexion is modified by its antagonistic with properties of the different positive colors. An incident which recently occurred affords us an apt illustration. An envelope containing some crimson printed on green, yellow, pink, and blue papers, was handed to us by the assistants of the green paper, sitting at the window in such a position that the light fell upon the paper in the left hand, by which it was held. Having finished reading the paper (which we regard serious business), we happened accidentally to look at the hand, and were not a little surprised to see it visibly suffused with a tint some rose color. We perceived at once that the color was produced by contrast with the green paper. In order to reduce it to a healthy or rather to have the pleasure of observing the effects of the simultaneous contrast of colors, the green paper was changed for one pink, on which the eyes were fixed for about the same period, when, on looking again at the hand, we found the roseate hue had given place to a general green tinge. The experiment was then tested by rich yellow and blue papers, and in each case the expected result ensued. After having at first a yellow paper, the hand acquired of a purple hue, and after the blue paper, it appeared orange. The circumstance is noticed here as affording an easy, and obvious illustration of the laws of the contrast of colors as applied to the skin, and as preliminary to the remarks which follow relative to colored cosmetics and their effects on the complexion.

Pink and rose colors cannot be placed in contact with the carnations tints of the skin without imparting it some of its tendency, contrast must, therefore, be prevented, and the best method of effecting this is to surround the draperies with a mode of tulle, which produces the effect of gray by the mixture of white threads, which modify the light, with the surrounding, which absorb light. The mixtures of light and shade thus produce a delicate gray hue.

Dark and full red is more becoming to some complexions than rose color or pink: because, being deeper in tint than the latter, it renders them paler by the contrast of tone, for it is the natural effect of a dark color to make a lighter one to contrast with it appear still lighter than it is in fact.

Light green is favorable to those fair complexions in which the rosy tint is altogether wanting, or in which it may be increased with advantage. *Rosine Jacquot*, in his poem entitled "The Art of Dancing," says:

"Let the fair nymph in whom pimply cheeks or sun
A constant blush, be clad in flowerful green;
In such a dress the spartan nymphs go
So in their grassy bed finds roses blow."

Dark green, however, is more favorable than light to those complexions which incline more to red than to rose color, as well as to those which have a dash of orange mixed with brown; for in these cases the red tint which the flesh would impart, from its opposition with light green would destroy in the brick-dust hue which we know is contrary to all ideas of beauty. Sir Joshua Reynolds, a first-rate authority with respect to color, and who was no mean judge of beauty, contrasted green draperies, when painting a lady's portrait, to "avoid the shalk, the brick-dust, and the charcoal, and to think of a pearl and a ripe peach."

Yellow is less favorable to a fair complexion than light green, because it gives, by contrast, a purple hue to the skin. It causes those skins which incline to yellow rather than brown to appear whiter, but this combination is insipid.

When the complexion inclinesmore to orange than yellow, the contrast of yellow drapery will, by neutralizing the yellow tint of the complexion, cause it to appear more ruddy. It produces this effect in persons belonging to the type with dark hair, and for this reason it is becoming to brunettes. Miss Julia Pennsdell Kate, are,

"brown in hue
As hazel-nuts, and sweeter than their kernels."

Violet, the complimentary to yellow, produces a green quite sweet; then it gives to fair skins a greenish yellow hue. It also increases the yellow tint of complexions which turn much on the yellow or orange, and it changes the blue tints to green. Violet, then, is one of the most annoying colors to the complexion—and for this reason it is sufficiently dark to render the skin paler and whiter by contrast.

Blue produces by contrast an orange tint that ruins favorably with fair skins and delicate carnations, which, though they be fine, are pale in the latter color. Blue, then, is very becoming to many fair persons, and fully justifies its reputation in these cases. It does not suit brunettes, who have already too much orange in their complexion.

Orange is too dazzling to be much worn. It gives a blue tint to fair skins, blackens those which incline to orange, and causes yellow complexions to appear greenish.

Draperies of a dead white, like camelot muslin, are becoming to fresh complexions, the ruddiness of which they vivify; but they do not suit thick and unpleasant complexions. Transparent white draperies, such as muslin, or tulle, plaited and especially disposed so as to produce several gray shades, are more becoming than one uniform color, whether that of the skin or any other, because they are separated from the skin by white crape or tulle, or other transparent material, which by reducing the effect of gray, increases agreeably between the black dress and the skin.

The general effect of dark colors is to make the complexion appear clear.

All the primitive colors gain in purity and brilliancy by the addition of gray, although not the same extent as they do with white, because the latter causes every color to preserve its character, while it tones down and gives that which can never be considered as a color. This is the case with gray, which, as it may be considered a color, forms combinations with blue, violet, and dark colors in general, which exhibit the effect of a tint rather than a hue. On the contrary, it forms soft colors naturally bright, such as the tender shades of light green, in harmonies of contrast. If, for instance, gray be placed by the side or crimson, it will acquire by contrast somewhat of a green hue: in the side of yellow, it will appear purplish, if by the side of blue, it will assume an orange hue. All values, then, of a neutral tint of this description when placed in contact with fresh tints evidently. As an illustration of the manner in which gray is affected by the vicinity of other colors, the following simple fact may be mentioned:

Let a person with very white hair be placed facing the light immediately in front of an open evening window, and let a lady dressed in gray appear in contact with the dark behind it, of a color nearly similar to that of the hair: the gentleman's window with a white muslin curtain behind it, the hair will contrast with the bluish shades of the curtain and appear of a reddish or pale orange. The same effects of contrast this lady's dress will produce, and the gentleman's brown Holland apron, for instance, worn over a pink dress, will assume a decidedly greenish tinge, but if worn over a blue dress it will have an orange tinge.

ONLY A FEW FAULTS!

Alas! that so many fair young girls are disposed to the spurious fascinations of rouge, cosmetics a little, and chews a little, and drinks a little, never passes the bounds of moderation! He is rarely found among the accomplishments of woman of spirit is not! Thus, he is seldom at home—and the idea of a man sitting forever by the chimney-corner—ridiculous! He is fond of dress—but then he is no handsome!

All these little stains of character are the work of each item, are regarded as trivial things—only a few faults. Love marriage, while the mocking, the chewing, and drinking have become confirmed habits, the foolish wife finds out her mistake. She has chosen—and for whom, but her husband never for rogues and fools. He can flutter any lady's head and heart—let out to the broken windows and his wretched habits. The few faults, like grains of sand, have accumulated, and constitute a mountain of folly, and the heart-broken woman sits up till morning gray, to think her ill-paid worn, unloved and worn, with a stifled sigh, to pace through years upon the stiffed corpse.

Sometimes she starts. The timid winds drear sighs upon her ear, and she thinks it is he. And soon she is fabulous, and sick and dying—and then a footstep is heard, while he who had "only a few faults" sings and shouts in drunken hours at the post-houses at the railroad.

This true picture has been a thousand times painted, and no doubt has hung up in the parlors of how many thousand hearts! And yet the thoughtless girl, thinking to passion, for a few faults, and grows herself up to fall-grown womanhood, and then she goes—and the horrors of which no pen can portray.—*The Dresser on Green Branch.*

A SINGULAR CUSTOM.—American ladies have a singular custom. In Havana, on Sundays, which I was giving some assistance as the gay congregation were preparing to dispense. A lady, whose acquaintance I had made, was busy with every minute in the assembly, stood in the front line of the aisle waiting for the door to pass, when two or three of the little cigarette dressed gentlemen figurants walked up to her and took off the cigarette from her mouth, deliberately into their bosoms, as you would put your pocket-handkerchief into your pocket. The ladies at first raised their hands to their faces, or turned as inquiring look to their companions, but evidently thinking that they must have seen a wrong or heretical—lip or cheek in error, they said no more. The gentlemen walked out, as the dance continued, they turned their cigarettes, and walked, and displayed. They were not aware, they were told, that in the country, they were receiving a polite token of admiration. The Spanish gent know very distrustful, from protracted or long-continued gazing, that ladies are pleased and gratified. The wishes of their bosoms are the haires of laid-rages thrust out from the wall, and he did not in the least with only to wish grating between them and the passerby, and he delighted in the attention, but wanted his face and gaze deliberately—not through the open to him. It is an innocent admission of the lady's pleasure, and it is the only way she knows how to express it. Spanish ladies are worn and hair braided—as in Italy, and the Spanish ladies, pretty gross the key to what strikes the stranger as a peculiarity in the physiognomy of this people, ladies are always in the Spanish eye. In most of women, it comes round to pass as fact that the wearing of the fan—its display and marvelling as an open intended to be nothing to conceal or avoid. It can receive no offence from mother's book—it can give none by its own. This seems to me a very good beauty. I am sorry for the beauty reasons why, it cannot be a peculiarity of a "fast" country like ours, with its exciting theatres, and highly civilized improvements upon nature.—*Correspondence of the Home Journal.*

Wit and Humor.

FORGING FOR FOOTLIGHTS.—Nothing appears more complacent in a politician than *publicly declaiming all desire to gain popularity.* A member of the Legislature, a few years since, from the New Hampshire Legislature, who was evidently no novice on gain the good opinion of the house by a long speech, improved every opportunity to declare, that he was actuated solely by *disinterested* motives, that he was not in the least degree the propulsion of his party, or necessary, public convenience, would have lead it upon of gaining popularity. After an harangue in the House, which he ended as usual, with a declaimer of this kind, he was met by a friend, who, by-the-bye, was troubled with an irritable lips, arm, and remarked that the latter stage of the gentleman's wit had just taken his seat, on this and other occasions, reminded him of a circumstance which occasioned a little hearing, by him thrift unsatisfactorily dilletism: say evil intention, wholly thought proper to dismiss it by putting a period to the conversation with the remark, "Well, I declare, you have lead it beautiful to-day, sir!"

A LAWSUIT'S RESULT ON TOTAL.—For Don't remarked, the other day, that the next time he put up at a hotel, he should enter his name as "Donald Sharp—Judge."

He asked him if he had ever tried it, and he said—

"Yes, I tried it once, and it worked like a charm. I had the best accommodations in the house for about a week, without cost, and I still the landlord one day touched me on my pocket-book."

"You are Judge of the Probate, are you not?"

"No," replied I, looking carelessly like.

"Not of the Supreme Court, certainly?" says he.

"No," rejoined I, 'not of any court.'

"Not of what are you Judge of, pray, permit me, thinking of the many Elites he had sent up to my room.

"I am Judge," pompously returned I, 'of—of nothing!'

He said he would be happy to have me with him another week, but he expected a great deal of company the next day, and I had to leave.—*Yale Literary Magazine.*

SPECIMEN CONDEMNED.—The following incident, told by a correspondent, is almost too apt to be true.

The municipal authorities of the city of Agra had made preparations to receive Louis Napoleon, which were in keeping with the enthusiasm and their salary. Among other temporary structures with which they had decorated their city, was a splendid triumphal arch, under which "His Imperial Highness" was to make his entrance. At the top of the arch was the inscription, "He will deserves it," and right under, hanging to a rope, was an imperial crown. Things did run, when they came to go to show somewhat violently meanwhile M. Bonaparte was approaching, the rope being pushed to one side threw away the hanging crown, and when the prince passed under the arch, there only remained a rope with a noose in his head, with the inscription—"He well deserves it."

A CHEAP LUXURY.—As a weary traveller was wending his way through the wood, out in a far west region of country, discovered ahead, a cabin of the primitive log order. It was a lone log-house. He rode up in front of the house and asked the landlord for a drink of water, he drank it, and she being the first woman he had seen for several days, offered her "a dime for a kiss." The young maiden accepted the offer, and received both the kiss and dime. The traveller then rode on, and the next day, as he rode by the maiden never before having seen a dime, asked,

"Had any I to do with the dime?"

"You may use it in any way you wish," he replied, "I got a kiss for it."

"That being the case," she replied, "I'll give you back the dime and take another kiss."

UNCOMFORTABLE RELATIONS.—A countryman, who had carrying on by the courts against a neighbor in one of the small courts of Germany, found himself in a dilemma when he met her with so much of chicanery and legal subtleties that she lost all patience, and interrupted the judge in the midst of a long argument with the exclamation, "I'll have you know, sir, I'm a married woman!" The judge, who was a bachelor, and perhaps not very bad looking, and he soon came to take to him one with horrible caricatures, uglier even than his own, replied, "I do not right in breaking off the bargain!" The court laughed at the countryman's blunder, and was stupified, and the woman was her sad.

AN IRISH IDEA.—A criminal Judge was once about to pronounce sentence of punishment upon the head of a man who had been found guilty himself.

"And is it upon the oaths of thim two witnesses your honor's going to condimn me?" asked Pat.

"Certainly," said the Judge; "their testimony was ample to convince the jury of your guilt."

"Oh, murther!" he exclaimed; "to condimn me on the oaths of two spalpeens who swear they saw me take the goods! Why, I can put forth a hundred who'd swear they didn't see me!"

ANECDOTE OF CUL. CROCKET.—Once upon a time, during a debate in the U. S. House of Representatives, on a bill for increasing the number of Surgeons, one of the Western members arose and observed:

Mr. Speaker, my opinion is that the greatest quality of mankind—*in general*, are disposed to take the advantage—*of the quantity*—of mankind—*in general*.

"Sit down, sit down," whispered the Col. "you will get into a great scrape if you come out of the same hole you went in at."

FATAL SUSPICION.—A rich old gentleman constantly calculated the state of his health by the size and full of the countenances of his pretended friends and relatives. Some little time ago he died, his physician having previously persuaded him that he was much better it would not do; he had just discovered he had fatal symptoms in his case—*three guineas and three cents to one day, from his dear friend*.

WORLDLY BOYS.—Neither," said a little shaver, the other day, "I know what I would do, if I was a man, and had a million of dollars to spend, I would drink lots to see what it would be killed and eaten, and it should be too much for me to drink up the water."

"Ha!" said his mother, "they would fish you up."

"No," said he, "but I wouldn't bite."

HOW HE TOOK IT.—A sick old gentleman was incessantly pestered by his neighbors with inquiries about his health. At last he got out patience with the most assiduous of these inquirers.

"Tell your masters," said he to the servant, with no complaisance, that I am pretty well satisfied with them, and shall continue to let twenty-one mornings to come."

QUERIES BY A MAN OF LEISURE.—If the pigeon is the emblem of the health, ought the physician to recover his fees?

If the doctor orders beef, has not the patient a right to grieve?

Would it not be the height of "cruelty to animals," to "throw physic to the dogs?"

INFLUENCE OF LITTLE THINGS.—It is remarkable how much influence little things have on the human mind. Even in climates supposed to be the most equable, the slightest change in the weather has a powerful effect upon the spirits. A story is told of a whole village in the Highlands being stimulated to enter on a course of improvement, from the simple circumstance of a lady one day engraving her admiration of a bed of tulips which grew in the front of the garden of one of the cottagers. "Is it possible," thought the proprietor of the little dwelling, "that a thing so trifling as a few flowers can excite admiration in the mind of a lady?" He then set about improving his garden, and he had not finished his task before every cottage in the village was in a similar state of improvement. The influence of little flowers in the wilderness of London is also remarkable. In the suburbs of that city, where a little earth is to be seen, the cottagers are generally fond of flowers, and have a taste for neatness and order, which is rarely to be met with in the more central parts of the town.

Country Scenes.

SORROWS OF BOYHOOD.

The above represents a young gentleman undergoing the terrible punishment at school, of being compelled to sit with the girls.

Selected Articles.

OUR OWN TEMPERATURE.

Dr. John Bury, Inspector-General of Army Hospitals, read a paper before the Royal Society, on 1845, and one last year, upon the temperature of man. His first experiments were by himself, in company with Dr. Hall, of England. The mode of ascertaining the heat of the body was by placing the bulb of the bulb in a delicate thermometer, constructed for the purpose, for back under the tongue, and there it for some time, in the centre of the closed mouth. The average temperature of the body in a healthy man of fifty-five, was found to be ninety-eight degrees and four-tenths of a degree. This temperature, however, is liable to variation, from within the limits of about one degree on either side, by getting up in the morning and going to bed. The temperature of the body is above the average; because it has been, all night, under the bed-clothes, which confine the heat, and impeded. It cools down to the average, and below, during the early hours of fasting, while the heat has been augmenting every hour—the temperature of the body is so much below the average at it had been above it in the morning.

All that is the case in England; but Dr. Bury went between the tropics, and experimented on himself while he resided at Barbadoes. There the rule reversed. He found, with only a sheet to cover him, and with his bed-room windows open. While the night his body cooled, and its temperature was therefore lower than the average on rising, and above the average at bed-time by half a degree. Intermediate also in the temperature of the body by the day, and that it fell below the average, was to raise its average by about one degree. The difference between the heat of the ebbtime of the body in England and in the tropics may be summed up therefore very shortly: The body in England is warmer at all time, in the tropics it is cooler in the morning, and the average heat of the body in the tropics is about one degree below that in England.

The difference the air makes: there are also differences made by our mode of taking air and by some other habits, which produce the same effects all over the world. Active exercise raises the heat of the body, but at the utmost only two degrees, and then only for a little; the balance of the circulation. Active exercise—rapid riding in the open air—does not raise the average temperature of the body; passive exercise, however, even though in hot weather like that in summer, and by no means violent. A slow walk, an amble on horseback, or a ride in a close carriage, will increase a decrease of the whole heat of the body.

What is true of bodily, is true of mental exercise. Regular work—that is to say daily intellectual effort, raises the temperature of the body not above the average; and the writers, who have never found his own temperature raised beyond a hundred degrees even in Barbadoes, in summer, and in the West Indies—the writers, who the most violent bodily exertion under a tropical sun produced no increase of heat beyond hundred, but not so striking. Again, to passive bodily exercise lowers the heat of the body, as the passive mode of taking air does the same. After the passive work of writing from a copy, or of reading for amusement, the body is not at rest; to exercise the powers of the mind, the heat of the body is found invariably to fall below the average, and the fall in the way will be soon recovered, for the temperature of the body fluctuates with ease.

A SIBERIAN WINTER.

A traveller in Siberia, during the winter, is so enveloped in furs, that he can scarcely move, and under the thick fur boots, which descend to the bear-skin collar, and covers the whole head, with the exception of the visage, there is a little of the external air, which is so keen that it causes a very peculiar and painful boring in the throat and lungs. The first effect of respiration from the cold air is to produce a violent cough, from which, however, it soon ceases. Those engravings we usually see, which fill the air, and represent them whirling about in the form of torn rain or thick silk. Even the snow-flakes are not seen during these intervals from the intensity of the cold. In the Tundras, where there is no shelter to be found, the whole surface is covered with snow, which, however, is a little warmth from each other, and may be found sometimes at a depth of twenty yards. Only the dark bird of winter, the raven, still cleaves the icy air with slow and heavy wing, and the white bear, which is also found in these regions, is the dark of his solitary flight. The latter, with the cold extremely intense, seeks nature. The thickest trunks of trees are rent asunder with a loud sound, which, to those unaccustomed to it, produces the effect of the large masses of rocks are torn from their natural situations, and hurled into the valleys. The rocky valleys cracks, forming wide, yawning caverns, from which the waters, which were before flowing there, have entirely disappeared, and become immediately changed into ice. The effect of the degree of cold extends far beyond the earth. The beauty of the deep polar sky, so other and so lucky praised, changes into a dull, leaden appearance, from the opacity of the cold products. The stars still glitter in the firmament, but their brilliancy is dimmed.—*Travels in the North.*

PRAISE AND REFLECTION.—An hour of solitude passed in sincere and earnest prayer, of the most profitable employment that we can engage in; an "amiable bosom sin," will touch no more of thought, will more effectually awaken the faculties of the soul, than a long and studied flow of year's study in the school without them.

A reflecting mind is the diamond that glows cold, or comes up of its own accord. The difficulty is indeed greater than many, who consider spiritual recollection for thought are disposed to admit; but how much less than it would be, had we not been born and bred in a Christian and Protestant land, very few of us are sufficiently aware. Truly may we, and thankfully ought we exclaim with the Psalmist, "The entrance of Thy word giveth light; giveth understanding unto the simple."—*Coleridge.*

☞ It is a shame, if any person poorer than you is more contented than you.

THE "SINGLE SISTER."

BY MRS. J. H. HANAFORD.

There not within her virgin breast
No thought of loved one is enshrined,
And yet she seems to be blest
By those with a kindred mind.

Believe her not all heartless cold.
Because no kindred claims her love—
A love that never wearieth old,
A love which angels might approve.

For, lo! if lifted were the veil
We might on her heart-altar see
A vivid flame that cannot fail,
Because its fuel is love for thee.

That flame—Invention's purest light,
Or sweetly affection true—
Will burn as long as there shall be bright,
As if a wide's true love for thee.

Beside the roses of full dewy,
Or where in sandal wood's may,
Or where in death all women sleep,
There will the "old" still sweet repose.

Oh, not sickening, heartless, she
Is sensitive in the world's great fold!
Its earth shall be her home,
And Heaven a kindred spirit hold.

Nassau Mon., Boston.

GOSSIP IN THE CARS.

The following scraps of conversation I heard the other day in the cars between an old gentleman and a party of young men:

"One of the young men said something in the course of the conversation, 'Young man,' said he, 'I have lived a good while in this here world, and have found a good many things as true as one o't'other. And I have observed this here fact—give a family, wish a feather as bad as their wish him what it's pretty bad—a keen wit, drinkin', fightin' chap, and mother, she's sure to be a good one. God knows' wonderful. Let the old woman a bring up the children to pray, let her teach 'em to say as soon as they can talk, 'our Father in Heaven,' and let her a go—some one every day in this here way, and I have always found a good enough things or one or